

Through Gloucestershire: by which account,
Our Businesse valued some twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth shall meete.
Our Hands are full of Businesse: let's away,
Aduantagge feedes him far, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolph.

Falst. Bardolph, am I not false away vily, since this last action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinn hangs about me like an olde Ladies loose Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *John.* Well, Ile repent; and that suddenly, while I am in some liking: I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-side of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horse, the in-side of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath bene the spoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falst. Why there is it: Come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as virtuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, swore little, did not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs bee out of all compasse; out of all reasonable compasse, Sir *John*.

Falst. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harme.

Falst. No, Ile be sworne: I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I neuer see thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Dives* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should bee, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of viter Darknesse. When thou ranst vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-Light: thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falst. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostesse.

How now, Dame *Partridge* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hostesse. Why Sir *John*, what doe you thinke, Sir *John*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my House? I haue search'd, I haue enquired, so haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the right of a hayre was neuer lost in my house before.

Falst. Ye lye Hostesse: *Bardolph* was shaw'd, and lost many a hayre; and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hostesse. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd in mine owne house before.

Falst. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hostesse. No, Sir *John*, you doe not know me, Sir *John*: I know you, Sir *John*: you owe me Money, Sir *John*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falst. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulsters of them.

Hostesse. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight shillings an Ell: You owe Money here besides, Sir *John*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falst. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hostesse. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falst. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Nose, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine home, but I shall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue lost a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hostesse. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falst. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe, and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falst. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostesse. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistrisse *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honest man.

Hostesse. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falst. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prince. What say'st thou, *Iacke*?

Falst. The other Night I fell asleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pick'd: this House is turn'd Bawdy-house, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Falst. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and (my Lord) hee speakes most vily of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and said, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Host. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me else.

Falst. There's

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then a stude Prunes, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing; go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Host. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prim. An Otter, Sir *John*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Host. Thou art vniuist man in saying so; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true Hostesse, and hee slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and sayde this other day, You ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falst. A thousand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'st me thy loue.

Host. Nay my Lord, hee call'd you *Iacke*, and said hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prim. O, if it should, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But sirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd vpp with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imboist Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houses, and one poore penny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but these, I am a Villaine: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Do'st thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confesse then you picke my Pocket?

Prim. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee, and thou shalt Go make ready Breakfast, loue thy Husband, and Look to thy Seruants, and cherish thy Guests: Thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: Thou seest, I am pacified still.

Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prim. O my sweet Beece: I must still be good Angell to thee. The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prim. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with vnwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prim. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had bene of Horse, Where shal I finde one that can steale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynously vnprovided. Wel God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none, but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prim. *Bardolph*.

Bard. My Lord.

Prim. Go beare this Letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of Westmerland, Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I, Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.

Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall.

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue

A Money and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percie* stands on hye,

And either they, or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.

Hostesse, my breakfast, come.

Oh, I could wish this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harris Hotspurre, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my Noble Scot, if speaking truth In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie, Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue, As not a Souldiour of this seasons stampe, Should go so generall currant through the world. By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brainer place In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor: No man so potent breathes vpon the ground, But I will Beare him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast there? I can but thanke you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him? Why comes he not himselfe?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord, He is greuous sicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leysure to be sicke now, In such a iustling time? Who leades his power? Vnder whose Government come they along?

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